

1507/867.

LADY JANE GREY:

A N

HISTORICAL TALE.

VOL. I.



LADY JANE GREY:

A N

HISTORICAL TALE.

“ There is attendant on virtuous sadness a sensation, which,
“ in point of indulgence and elevation, at once is superior
“ to all that was ever felt by a light mind in the flush of
“ festivity---or amidst the triumph of wit.”

FORDYCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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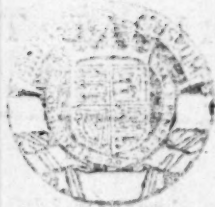
Minerva,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.XCI.

LADY JANE GREY

A. H.



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LONDON

LADY JANE GREY.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

LETTER I.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LADY ANNE GREY.

HOW painful, my dearest friend
and cousin, is this our first separa-
tion!—in vain does nature, in the
delightful dress of May, present

VOL. I.

B

her

her opening charms to my senses,
and endeavour to compose and
exhilarate my soul, by the chear-
ful woodland song—the floweret's
blooming tints and refreshing fra-
grance—the gilded Aurora, or
serene Hesperus—the voice of the
chearful shepherd carols in vain—
in vain the more polished notes
of refined music—or the en-
chanting beauties of Grecian poetry
solicit my attention—the whole
of the harmonious feast is taste-
less, while unparticipated with the
friend of my heart.



You

You are about to be presented to that Court which I have never yet seen, and feel, I know not why, a shivering at my heart whenever I but think of seeing it.

That series of history, which we have read together, how frequently has it inspired us with a disgust of Courts and Royalty.

We know not the world by our own experience, but history affords us the experience of ages; and, alas, where have we found Princes better or happier than

the meanest and most obscure peasant?

How weighty their cares? how embittered their pleasures? how insecure their greatness!

What would I give, my cousin, had I been born in a more humble station. The bare possibility of being a Queen, is a source of uneasiness to me, though it is very improbable I shall ever be one.

But your lively disposition may, perhaps, be dazzled with the charms
and

and pleasures of the Court; and you may no longer relish those simple, but rational amusements, which we enjoyed together, and which, without you, are become uninteresting to me.

Is it not probable, also, that the noble youths of England will flock around my fair cousin, and solicit that heart which I have prized as my own treasure?

But then, how divided will be your affections, and how greatly will the torch of love obscure and eclipse the lamp of friendship?

—Ah! that it may not wholly extinguish it!

What a cruel distance also may, perhaps, divide us!—You must accompany a husband, while I, who never wish to know the magic influence of love, shall be left to prove it in solitude, that nothing in life is desirable without the friend—the sister of my heart.

Ah! my Anne, hasten from the insidious Court, to the once delightful shades of S—. Hasten to your Jane—speedily come, and impart to her all you have seen, and all you have felt, nor
let

let my heart pine for your absence.
My letters will remind you of
me—let me not expect, in vain,
the speedy return of your's.

Farewell,

JANE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I AM a little recovered from those first emotions which our separation excited—and have been indulging this reflection, that we should not live to ourselves, because society has claims on our exertions for its happiness.

That though our exalted station enables us to chuse our employments, it brings with it obligations
to

to public usefulness, which those are not under, whose necessities compel them to attend on their daily labour. And that our talents, however common they may be, yet when drawn out, and cultivated by a superior education, have far higher ends than merely to amuse us, or flatter our supercilious pride. Viewed only in this light, they become contemptible, and often render women, of an excentric education, objects of ridicule.

Such women are too apt to neglect the proper duties of their sex and character, and become folicitous to be admired for a few useless accomplishments.

complishments, which they would be much more amiable without.

When my father chose to give me some ideas of philosophy, and the learned languages, and prevailed on your's, that we should be educated together, with our cousin the Royal Edward, you cannot but remember how studious they were to inculcate these sentiments upon our minds; and to inspire us with humility, at the same time that the fields of science were opening before us.

Delightful instructors! — What most interesting and pleasing truths did

did you gradually unfold to us, as our ripening judgments could receive them?—What noble discoveries did you make to our astonished faculties, in the wonders of natural philosophy, and, above all things, the greater wonders of revealed truth?—What gratitude! What humanity! What hopes! What delight have we felt in our glowing bosoms, as we attended, with fixed attention, to our revered tutor?—And as we listened to his gentle precepts, for the conduct of our lives, how have our meeting eyes read the feelings of each others heart! while the falling tear has tacitly imparted to our delighted

lighted perceptor, the impression which his lessons made on our tender minds?—

O ye delightful days and years of peaceful instruction; enlivened with many a chearful song and animated dance; with many a social ride and walk, as well as many a rural sport, which our superior birth prevented us not from sharing with the neighbouring gentry.—Shall we ever again engage in those pursuits; taste those pleasures together?—Why cannot I be permitted to continue the enjoyment of such a life, under the protection of my noble father?

—Alas!

—Alas! why, young as I am, must my tender parents be thinking of parting with me?

Already, my Anne, have they been talking to me of marriage; informing me of the names of lovers who have seen and fought me; but only hinting at the rest, leaving it to time to expatiate on the merits of Lord Guildford Dudley, and of the advantageous alliance it will be for me.

Lord Guildford I have never seen, nor have I ever yet seen any man, who has for a moment engaged my attention as a lover. I have

have admired sense and merit wherever I have found it, in the circle of my acquaintance, as far as my weak judgment would allow me to discriminate, but the name of love has ever been dreaded by me.

Surely my father will not urge me to marry, while a stranger to the passion; and at present I think I shall never experience it. My honored parents, my sister, and you, my Anne, fill up the inmost recesses of my heart; yet it is not so much engrossed, as not to leave ample room for philanthropy; and, indeed, I should hate myself could I, who am placed in so favoured
a lot,

a lot, exclude the distrest from my
compassion, or the indigent from
my assistance.

The best wishes of thy Jane at-
tend thee, my Anne.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I FIND you are universally admired, my dear cousin, and surrounded by a train of flattering lovers whenever you appear in public.—This I was informed of by a gentleman, who is lately arrived from court.

You say, only, that the novelty pleases you at present; but that you
daily

daily reflect on all you have heard and read of the Sirens of that enchanted circle, and distrust yourself. Dear admirable girl, may thy sweet humility, thy lively mirth, and tranquil heart, be never exchanged for haughty airs, obsequious flattery, wild ambition, and designing artifice, which rob the mind of its tranquility, and the cheek of its blossom.

Be not forgetful of your religious duties, my cousin; the vivacity of your disposition exposes you to many snares, which we have been told are laid in the great

world, for the credulous and unwary.

How shall I rejoice at your return? I fear I shall not find you the same unaffected friend I once knew you: but away with those fears: is not your heart the seat of innocence and virtue? has it not been early sown with every principle of sacred piety, with the seeds of every moral duty? has it not been early taught to scorn all meanness, all insincerity? though so young, is not your judgment mature? Let me not then distrust either the head or heart of my friend,

friend, but commit her to the protection of that Providence, whose care has hitherto defended her.

My mind is not so cheerful as it used to be.—I earnestly wish for your presence.—I want to communicate a thousand things to you, which I cannot write.—This Lord Guildford—a dread of seeing him—a fear of offending my much-loved parents, by not being able to approve of him; a disinclination to be married so young: all those reflections continually agitate my mind with a painful solicitude. Besides all this, I dislike the family of Lord Guildford.

His father, the Duke of Northumberland's ambition, is but too well known to our house; and the indignities Lord Somerfet suffered from him, who was at last the principal cause of his untimely fate. — In alliance with that haughty and artful nobleman I foresee a thousand evils. —

Adieu, hasten to your

JANE GREY.

LETTER

F E T T E R I V .

L A D Y A N N E G R E Y

T O

L A D Y J A N E G R E Y .

I HAVE at last been presented to the Royal Edward, and was graciously received; but if I always loved and admired him as one child loves another, in our happy infantile days, how was I dazzled with admiration, when I beheld his youthful and elegant form; his lucid

eyes softened with the mild beams of sweet benevolence; that air of dignity, softened by affability, which discovers superior worth and talents.—I cannot find language to express my feelings.

I knelt down, and was intending respectfully to kiss his hand, but he hastily took mine.—No, it must not be, my dear Lady Anne, the companion of my happy hours of childhood, when I was a stranger to the forms and restraints of royalty.—He saluted me, and continued —It is with extreme pleasure that I see you, and any of the Duke of Suffolk's family;
you

you will honor my court with your presence sometime, I hope.

I felt myself very much embarrassed, but answered him as cheerfully and freely as I could. I have since frequently injoined friendly conversations with him, in company with my father, or Lady Dudley, when he has treated me like a sister; has been as playful in wit, as full of entertaining vivacity, as he used to be when a boy; though highly improved by ripened understanding, the accomplishments of education, and the polish of a court.

But shall I tell you a secret? I
find

find those interviews dangerous ; there are none in Edward's court like their monarch : and though I have many admirers, I can listen to none of them ; he alone is the sovereign of my soul.—But I have no hope ; Edward has been too much accustomed to consider me as his sister, to think of me in any other light : besides, Edward is a King ; he must seek an alliance with some foreign Princess, and it is imagined that he still retains an attachment to the beautiful Mary of Scotland.

I am convinced there is no hope, and, if it was in my power,
I would

I would fly from his presence before my heart is too far entangled; but I am obliged to remain here.

What would my father think, if I expressed a wish to leave him almost as soon as I arrived? Surely he would think, the Duke of Suffolk's family had engrossed all my affections, and annihilated the natural love which I owe my own.

No, I must stay here; but I will converse with the King as little as I possibly can.

Fear not, my dear Lady Jane, that your noble parents will force
your

your inclinations in your choice of a husband.—I have often seen Lord Guildford Dudley at Lady Dudley's, where you may imagine your sister's company very frequently attracts me.—He is one of the handsomest, and most accomplished young noblemen about the court, and the most intimate bosom friend of his royal master: they are, indeed, congenial souls in taste and virtue.

Examples of vice, vanity, and trifling, are not wanting in Edward's court, though that from the throne is so bright a one: but be assured, my charming cousin, that
I can

I can be in no danger of imitating those follies and vices, while I have Edward's brightness before my face; for I can see nothing else, and detest every thing which he disapproves. I felt no less sensibly than yourself, my separation from the friend of my heart: it was happy for me to meet Lady Catherine in town, as her company, in some measure, supplies your place.

We are now, as when with you, almost inseperable. Lady Dudley is perfectly friendly, and contributes all in her power to keep me in town, by her assiduity to find entertainment

tainment for me; but I shall gladly return to the happy shades of S——, as soon as my father will part with me.

The advance of summer renders London disagreeable, and I am tired of those amusements which novelty alone attracted my attention to. I am conscious of an unhappily placed affection, and the discipline and restraints which my reason impose on my thoughts and behaviour when with the King, render my situation here a painful one.

We

We were designed by our Creator unavoidably to suffer from our own unruly passions, the most virtuous of which unrestrained, would be a source of misery to us; but the lamp of reason was given us to illuminate our doubtful path, and conduct us back to wisdom: and when retirement shall again yield me more leisure for reflection, and absence lessen the impression I have received, I hope my dear Jane will still find in me her own

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER V.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LADY ANNE GREY.

IN my last letter I writ you that a Gentleman from Court had given me an account of your Ladyship, of whom he spoke in the highest terms.

I was much pleased with his appearance and conversation—
yet

yet felt a confusion and restraint, when conversing with him, which abated my pleasure. He has been at my father's a fortnight, and is assiduous to ingratiate himself in my favour. Indeed, I have never been so much attached to the company of any man, except my father.

But that I may not be disingenuous to the friend, to whom I ought to reveal every sensation and folly of my heart, I will freely acknowledge a sentiment which lies on my conscience like guilt, and which I know not how to account for—but I really feel quite uneasy

easy, when I hear the praises of my absent friend, from the lips of Sir William Morley.—Can it be envy? is it possible so baneful a passion could find admittance into the heart of your Jane?

I feel myself now less anxious for your return, and begin again to relish those parties of amusement, in which Sir William joins (in company with my parents) and in which he pays me the sole attention.

I sometimes begin to distrust my heart, and fear it is giving way, imperceptibly, to a growing passion
for

for this agreeable stranger, and that what I have condemned in myself, as envy towards you, is the effect indeed of jealousy. But if it be so, however I might exculpate myself to the feelings of my Anne, I have not the less reason to dread the consequences to my own tranquillity and future happiness—for this man has no distinguished honors, and, though of a respectable family, yet not of a noble one; consequently it will not, in my parents esteem, be a proper alliance for me; besides, he never entertained me on the subject of love. My birth demands from him the respect he pays me, more es-

pecially while under the roof of my father.

There is, however, in this Gentleman, a noble elevation of mind, such as would bespeak him of a high birth, were that and greatness of mind inseparable.

He displays a tender kind of esteem, in the attention he pays me, which is but too flattering to my heart; yet dispenses with that reserve from me, which I should be obliged to wear, should he have presumed to address me as a lover; yet his mind seems wholly superior to every mean art of insinuation, and

and too worthy and noble to seek the regard of others, by any thing but his intrinsic merit.

If you think my fears of a growing attachment to this man well-founded, forgive me, dear Lady Anne, my offence to you, though I can never forgive myself; for, though your Jane is subject to the weaknesses which accompany human passions, her heart, I hope, can never be so devoid of fortitude, so lost to friendship and filial love, as not to have the resolution to give up even a beloved object, if it interferes with the happiness of a friend or of parents.

I am struck with the similitude of our feelings at present, for I cannot deny to you, that I fear this man is making too deep an impression on my heart; and I find the thoughts of Lord Guildford more irksome to me than ever.

Haften to me, my cousin, reassume your influence over my mind, and teach me to recover my former peaceful indifference.

Ever your's,

JANE GREY.

LETTER

L E T T E R VI.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

SIR William is obliged to go to town—he says he will endeavour to obtain permission to accompany the King (who I am exceedingly sorry to find is not well) in his journey through various parts of his kingdom, to which he is advised by his physicians.

He says he hopes his Majesty will pass some little time here, which he frequently talks of with pleasure.

“I may then,” said he, “charming Lady Jane, have the happiness renewed, which I so infinitely prize, of enjoying once more your conversation, which none, who have experienced, can lose without reluctance.”

The confusion with which he said this, and that with which I received it, could not, I think, but be visible to my parents.—
He kissed my mother’s hand and
mine,

mine, and then hastily quitted us, and I retired to my apartment, at leisure to revolve in my thoughts the merit of this engaging youth, and to take my heart to task for being too sensible of it; and I am ashamed to say, that I feel a-new all the sensations of tasteless insipidity of being, which I first in my life felt at your leaving me.

I experience already but little pleasure in my studies, and the useful employments of my life. I am now perfectly convinced that I love him—I feel very little doubt, also, of his attachment to me—and yet, unless I can get the better of this.

this prepossession in his favour, I see nothing, in my future life, that promises to fulfil the hopes which my parents have fondly conceived of me, or that can gratify their wishes, and permit me to render them happy by accepting the husband they have fixed on for me——Fixed on did I say!——Ah! how little do those know of the human heart, who imagine it is to be compelled to love.

Besides, is it not to gratify ambition, fatal ambition, that they want to unite me to the proud Northumberland's race?

Ah!

Ah! my dear revered parents, this is your error. Not all my love and respect for you can prevent my discovering a feature in your character, which, I fear, will conduct to misery.

What, my dear Lady Anne, but ambition can induce them so earnestly to wish an alliance with the Dudleys.

Did not Northumberland cause the attainder and death of my uncle, the Duke of Somerset, whose virtues were universally acknowledged and adored by the people?

Not

Not all their misrepresentations of that bloody transaction, can prepossess my mind against him; not only as he was dear to me, but on account of Edward and his people, to whom he was in reality a protector. How can I ever regard, as I ought, the husband which they have designed for me, whose father was the murderer of my uncle?

Alas! poor Edward, how calamitous has been thy minority! and yet how much reason have we to dread still greater evils, from the ambition and vices of those around thee.

I intirely

I intirely concur with you in opinion, my dear Lady Anne, that he is an ornament to the Throne, and, if it pleases the Almighty to spare his life, promises to be a blessing to England, and to complete the work his Royal Father began, and restore the holy Christian religion to its primitive purity. O how much reason have all to pray for his restored health, who love their country and the reformation? how much more reason have we to wish it, who know his worth and love his person?

Check

Check your too great partiality for him, my cousin, and endeavor to confine it to friendship. He does love the fair Princess of Scotland, but in vain he loves her——his love is as fruitless as your's.

Prepare yourself, my dear, for whatever may happen, and should it please Heaven to take him from this world to a better, let us not lose that fortitude, which will enable us to support the loss, great as it will be.

Alas! my sad mind frequently anticipates something dreadful——his sister, the Princess Mary's obstinacy
in

in the Romish faith. Her ignorance and bigotry gives him many an anxious reflection. England, indeed, has much to fear, should we lose the amiable Edward, from her inheriting the Crown. Her temper is the very reverse of his—and her faith allows, and even renders, persecution meritorious. Many a difficult task has his humanity had to combat with, in this age of fierce dispute on religious tenets; but, with the utmost reluctance, has he ever been persuaded to consent to severity.

But let us hope the best—one consolation tranquilizes my mind,
when

when properly attended to, under every sinister event; which is, that an all-wise Providence superintends human affairs, and men can go no farther than they are permitted by him.

Adieu,

JANE GREY.

LADY

LETTER VII.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY JANE GREY.

MY father has had application made to him of alliances in my behalf—but my heart rejects them all. You know that, peremptory as his temper is in general, yet his affection for me has always been of the gentlest and tenderest kind, nor would he oblige me to marry where

where I disapproved. He is, I must acknowledge ambitious, which, by the bye, is, I believe, a family feature, my Jane, though I have never found any thing of it in you; yet is he too fond of me not, on all occasions, to consult my happiness.

But he wants me to make a choice, and is very importunate with me to declare in favour of some of those who attach themselves to me—even the King urges me on the subject.

How irksome is their importunity! it is impossible, with a heart
wholly

wholly devoted to that most excellent Prince, that I can fix on any other man—a time alone can enable me to conquer my attachment to him—I fear I shall never do it, while I remain near him, and behold his transcendent merit.

I have a new affliction!—Edward is ill—his cough and complaints, which he had almost lost, are returned—his bloom is daily withering, and he seems like a fair rose blasted by too fervent a sun, just as its beauties were unfolding.

He was placed on the Throne too young. His ardent and mature

mind could not be content to leave the affairs of state solely to the Protector, without more thought and anxious sollicitude for the welfare of his people, than his youth could bear; the humane and compassionate turn of his disposition, surpass and crown his other virtues; and his beneficence to the poor, will perpetuate his name to posterity, for the many noble public charities established by him; while the graces and virtues of his private manners and conduct, endear him, beyond expression, to all who attend on him, or are blest with his more intimate friendship.

He

He is advised, as you have been informed, to visit some of the provinces of his kingdom, to assist the recovery of his health.

He intends to spend some weeks with your father, as he has an ardent desire to review the scenes of his early childhood, so long forgotten, as well as to see you, my Jane, whom he always mentions with the tenderest affection.

Your father attends him, and desires me to apprize you of it. The Duke with this sends a letter to your mother; prepare, therefore, to receive and admire your Royal

Cousin; prepare, also, to see again your friend, for my father attends the King, and commands me to accompany him.

Lady Catherine has a favored lover in Lord Herbert, as I imagine you know, and does not yet return.

We both concur in opinion on the character of the Duke of Northumberland; but is not the genius of the times we live in harsh and bloody? Did not even Somerset himself attain and execute his own brother, Lord Seymour? though I acknowledge not without great provocation.

vocation; nor was Northumberland's attainder of Somerset unprovoked, who acknowledged that he had employed assassins to murder the Duke.

Let us then, my dear, endeavour to judge impartially; whatever may be the father's character and motives, the son has done nothing to offend; and his love for you is without bounds—he has made me the confident of it, complaining bitterly of your prejudices against his family.

You will be astonished at this, but yet more so, when I tell you

E 3

that

that I have seen and conversed with Sir William Morley; that he has revealed to me his passion for your Ladyship, and intreated me to plead with you for him. All this, however strange, is very true; though I am not at liberty to say more at present.

He returns to you in attendance on the King; you will then have this riddle fully unfolded.

Ever your affectionate,

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LADY CATHERINE GREY.

AS I find my letters were read to you, my dear sister, I will continue to express my feelings as they arose, and to acquaint you with every thing which has since happened.

It is near a month ago I received that letter from my cousin,
which

which so astonished me; and for nearly a week after, I remained in that state of suspense which her cruelty excited; at the conclusion of which, the arrival of the King put an end to it, in a manner totally unexpected; for after the first transports of our meeting were over, Lady Anne introduced Sir William Morley to me, as Lord Guildford Dudley. Amazement, confusion, joy, a thousand different passions pressed upon my heart at once, and deprived me of speech.

She had contrived that we should be alone at this interview, and
Lord

Lord Guildford took advantage of my surprise, and the satisfaction which, I suppose, he saw visible in my countenance, to make a declaration of his passion; and, in the most submissive terms, intreated me to forgive the innocent stratagem, which my parents had prevailed on him to join with them in; presuming that he might, by that means, conquer those prejudices which, though unseen, I had conceived against him; and which, they were fearful, would be an everlasting bar to his addresses.

He added, that the King's unexpected visit, and the necessity he
was

was under of going to town, had been rather unfavourable to their design; but that he should be the most miserable of men, if I would not forgive this innocent artifice, and grant him some hopes that I was not totally indifferent to him.

I expressed a little displeasure at being then deceived, but my countenance not being in unison with my tongue, it had but little effect.

Lady Anne, at the same time, introduced to us my parents, who were too much rejoiced in finding their scheme had so well succeeded, to express their feelings. The King
was

was soon informed of this affair, and congratulated us in the most amiable and friendly manner, on the prospect of our future happiness.

I am aware you will say, my Jane, where are your scruples on account of the family of Dudley? Are they all vanished?—I will acknowledge that, with regard to him personally, they are. — His noble mind cannot be guilty of a deliberate crime, or the least injustice. — His virtues compensate fully for his father's faults; and, from the ingenuous sincerity of his temper, and the ardency of his affection to me, I think if happiness is to be found

found on earth, I may hope for it in a union with him.

I rejoice, my dear sister, that you have an equal prospect of felicity in Lord Herbert: may we endeavour to render ourselves more and more worthy of our happy lot; and to abound in those virtues which may best contribute to the felicity of the Lords to whom we are to be united.

I am, my dear sister,

Your's sincerely,

JANE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

TO AND FROM THE SAME.

OUR felicity is a good deal interrupted here, my dear sister, by the increasing illness of the royal Edward; but with his complaints, his patience and sweetness also increase; and all his endeavour is to prevent his friends from feeling too sensibly on his account. We have been using every effort to abate the languor that hangs on his spirits, by
all

all the amusements which the place and company could afford: the King has joined in them all, as long as his spirits and strength would permit, and earnestly requests that they may not be shortened when he is obliged to retire from them.

His Majesty is very desirous that our marriage may take place during his presence here, and that your's may also be celebrated at the same time.

My father has ordered magnificent preparations, and intends to go

go to town, to convey you and Lord Herbert here: every thing is to be suitable to my father's rank, and the guest he is honored with. But what have all these things to do with the simple pleasures of the heart? The trappings of grandeur are rather inimical than friendly to real love and friendship, and seem as if furnished by human invention as substitutes to the internal joys of real sentiment and refined sensibility. But though we want not their assistance to complete our felicity, we must acquiesce in them, my Catherine, to oblige our friends.

Adieu

Adieu, my dear sister, may the
hour be propitious that unites us
to the men we love, and may the
royal Edward soon find returning
health, prays

Your

JANE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER X.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY DUDLEY.

YOUR friend, Lady Catherine, has commissioned me to inform you, dear Lady Dudley, that the two amiable pairs are united by the firm bands of mutual love, and the love of their country.

To express the joy of their parents, and the complete delight

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F

that

that appears in themselves, is impossible.—So noble and beautiful a pair, as Lord Guildford and Lady Jane, surely never was excelled; and the dignity, yet sensibility, which they discover in every different relation of life, attract to them all hearts, and bind them in the fetters of love and admiration.

Lord Herbert and Lady Catherine are also extremely amiable; the King seemed delighted with their felicity, though his health still declining, will not permit him to share long in mirthful scenes: indeed, I fear he suffers much; and not all the satisfaction I feel at
the

the happiness of my fair cousins, can prevent me from deeply sympathizing in the sufferings of the amiable Edward. He fees my attention to, and solicitude for him, and entreats me to return to town with my father, whither he is soon going, as he tells me my conversation will alleviate his pains, and divert his languor. How happy shall I be may it prove so; with pleasure, therefore, I obey my King, the brother, the friend of my childhood.

He does not propose to travel much farther, as the weather is so

warm, and his weakness will not admit of it.

Lord Guildford and Lady Jane, are going to a seat which the Duke has relinquished to them, and Lord Herbert and Lady Catherine remain awhile longer with their parents.

Adieu, my dear Lady Dudley, believe me your's affectionately.

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XI.LADY JANE TO LADY ANNE.

MY dear Lady Anne will, I know, rejoice at the increasing felicity of her friend.—Lord Guildford is deserving of my highest love and esteem; his character improves on me every day, from the various opportunities which he has in his own house, and surrounded by his dependents, of displaying the virtues of beneficence and cha-

rity, and an earnest desire to promote happiness and comfort everywhere within his sphere of influence.

The tenderness of his affection for me seems every day to increase, and the more I discover of his mind and heart, the more earnestly do I seek, by gratitude to God, and every endeavour of improving to my own mind, to consult his happiness, and render myself more deserving of his affection.

The situation of our house is delightful; we have some worthy and agreeable

agreeable families, near us, and every thing around wears a smiling and elegant form; yet hardly can I divest myself of the grief of separation from my beloved parents, from whom I still regret being so far removed, and must flatter myself with the hopes of seeing them soon; as also Lord Herbert and Lady Catherine. Still, with all this, my happiness will be incomplete, unless the King is better, and I can also enjoy the company of my dear Lady Anne.—Is there not always, my friend, some alloy in human felicity! Can we expect to find it perfect in a state where every thing is mutable?

To you shall I own, that the situation of the King's health, the gloomy prospect of losing him, and Mary's succession, a thousand fears; some of which I cannot account for, will at times, if my Lord is absent from me, intrude into my apprehensive mind: he no sooner re-appears, however, than the cloud vanishes, and hope and joy take possession of my soul.

Take care of your health, my lovely cousin, nor let your extreme sympathy for the excellent Edward wound your heart too deeply.

I wish

I wish to hear frequently from you; you know my anxiety to be informed of the state of his Majesty's health as often as is possible.

Adieu,

JANE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND

T O

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

MY LORD DUKE

THE increasing ill-symptoms of the King's disorder, cannot but alarm all who love their country; nor can I think of that ignorant bigot, Mary, succeeding to the crown, without horror: the thought has always given the King great uneasiness.

I have

I have been thinking of an expedient, nor can I banish it from my thoughts; and have at length formed a plan, which I want your, and the Duchess of Suffolk's concurrence in, before I can proceed to communicate it to the King.

You know that his father, King Henry, thought proper to set aside the succession of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, to the crown of England, after their brother Edward, by pronouncing them illegitimate; though indeed he afterwards restored their claims again.

However,

However, Mary's religion is a sufficient reason for setting aside her claim, and Elizabeth cannot be appointed to the exclusion of her sister. The next in succession is, Mary, Princess of Scotland, but being a foreigner, she is naturally excluded; then claims your Duchess in right of her mother, who was niece to Henry.

What I wish your concurrence in, is, to persuade the Duchess to accept of the crown, should Edward be prevailed on to appoint her his successor; or in case of her refusal, to urge her daughter, Lady Jane, to accept of it. This, my Lord,

if

If you can accomplish, we will endeavour to prevail on Edward to make such a destination, and get the patent ready for him to sign immediately.

I am aware that it is not without a prospect of difficulty, that this plan can be executed; but the love of religion and my country, will enable me to undertake the most arduous pursuits, to procure the happiness of the one, and the firm establishment of the other.

I have no doubt, but the other party will impute this scheme to my ambitious views for my son;
but

but I should be wholly unfit for my rank in life, and unworthy the spirit of my ancestors, should I stoop to regard what the people say of me.

Let me prevail on you to follow my example, my dear friend, in this respect; let us think and act nobly, and independently of the clamours and applauses of the multitude, and pursue what is for the public good without mean and vulgar considerations. Your Duchefs, or Lady Jane, would adorn the throne, and the King, you know, is highly attached to both, and has the most tender and brotherly affection for your excellent daughter.

Let

Let me hope that you will exert
your influence over them in this
affair, and that you see things in
a proper point of view.

I am,

My Lord Duke,

Your devoted Friend,

NORTHUMBERLAND.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK
TO
THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

MY LORD PROTECTOR,

THE contents of your Grace's letter filled my mind with a variety of different reflections, which have perplexed and agitated it greatly.

I doubtless regret, as do all the friends of the reformation, the consequences

sequences of the King's approaching dissolution. Yet have I never entertained a thought, that the Princess Mary's claim to the succession could be set aside ; much less that it can be possible, or just, to exclude every prior claim, in favor of the Duchess of Suffolk's.

You have conducted me into a labyrinth, the clue of which I cannot unravel. You, who know the excellencies of my daughter, and the ardency of my affection for her, will readily imagine, how delightful is the idea of seeing her on the Throne of England, whose glory and happiness she would prove. But I check

this visionary prospect, from the still stronger feelings of justice and equity.

Thence am I recalled to the ideal view of Mary, placed on that Throne, and fraught with superstition, dealing around her tyranny and persecution. The miseries of an oppressed people! The reformation, which cost her father so much difficulty to establish, destroyed in blood! and liberty, the parent of every virtue, and of every comfort, to a nation for ever crushed!

My mind then reverts to the origin of government. Was it the selection

selection of a person to be King, who was to possess an unbounded licence to tyrannize over the persons, properties, lives, and even opinions of their subjects?—Or, was it the selection of a person, whose virtues had gained him the preference to his equals, and whom they had appointed, in consequence of this preference, to be their Father, their Protector, and their King?

What a blessing does such a King prove to a nation!—Under his reign liberty smiles, commerce flourishes, vice is discountenanced, and religion pure, simple, and unincumbered with needless ceremonies,

proceeds from the heart, and actuates the manners of his people.

Let this amiable Prince resign his life into the hands of his Maker; would the heir of such a King, in the first ages, known to be of a disposition tyrannical and oppressive, having no rule of conduct but his own selfish and unrestrained will, nor any pursuit but to shew his authority by cruelty; would such a one be next appointed to reign, and this tyranny be considered as an hereditary and undoubted right, through all succeeding generations? would the Councillors of such a King recommend him as his successor? Would they

they not rather consider it an injustice to do it, since so many thousands would be the miserable sufferers?

These considerations have their weight with me, in relation to your proposal of setting Mary aside; but not intirely in favor of my daughter, since the Princess Elizabeth is a worthy Lady, and a Protestant.

Greatly as I concur with you in my desires, I would not pursue them against the conviction of my conscience. You must, therefore, my Lord, produce some prevailing argument,

gument, to enable me to give my acquiescence to your proposal. Was my mind perfectly convinced of the justice of my cause, I would not regard the clamours or applauses of the people, but steadily pursue my purpose; but I cannot act in contradiction to what I esteem beyond every thing, the principles of justice, and the acquiescence of conscience. I may be mistaken in my present views of the affair, but will see your Grace this evening, or to-morrow; we will then converse on it more freely, and if you can convince me you are right, I will use every means in my power to promote so agreeable a scheme.

I men-

I mentioned it to the Ducheſs, who has far leſs objection to it than I have, but who would reſign her claim to her daughter.

Yet from Lady Jane, I think, we ſhould find ſome difficulty. She has a paſſion for retirement, and no ambition to prompt her wiſh for a Crown.

The happineſs of this charming daughter, and your worthy ſon, is the delight of her mother and myſelf; nor can it, I think, obtain an addition from any thing the world can procure them.

Moſt

Most happy would it render me,
did it please the Almighty to spare
the King's life a little longer, who
has a Throne in the hearts of his
subjects, and who is dear to me as
a son; but I fear our hopes are
vain for so great a blessing.

I remain, my Lord Duke,

Your Grace's, &c.

SUFFOLK.

LET.

LETTER XIV.

LADY JANE

TO

LADY CATHERINE.

HOW much more reason than ever have I to pray for the life of the King! Yet, alas, how little have I to hope it. The ambition of my parents and father-in-law, is about to involve your Jane in a thousand dangers.

The

The King is worse and worse every day, and has sent for Lord Guildford and myself to attend him. We immediately quitted our peaceful mansion, where we had formed a thousand plans of future improvement and benevolence, and attended the King. He was rejoiced to see us, and expatiated to me on the attention of Lady Dudley and Lady Anne Grey, and their exertions to assist and amuse him.

He looks exceedingly ill, yet retains the same composed and peaceful frame of mind. But how was I amazed to see my gentle cousin pale, emaciated, evidently suffering by the
tenderest

tendereſt ſympathy, every pang of
her Royal Friend.

I was filled with the deepeſt regret to ſee her thus—alas, ſhe knows how deceitful to appearance, and yet how hopeleſs is Edward's diſorder; and, though daily deceived, ſhe is daily flattered by the ſyren Hope, which her extreme affection for him leads her to form, in ſpite of her reaſon.

But I muſt now proceed to tell you what they have done. They have perſuaded the King to ſet aſide his ſiſters, and declare me his ſucceſſor to the Crown, by the right of
my

my mother, who declines it in my favor.

In vain have I thrown myself at the Royal Edward's feet, incessantly intreating him to drop the design, and destroy the patent; but all my fears, and all my endeavours are vain; it is all signed, and was completed before I had the least intimation of it, and they have it in their possession.

My husband joins in the earnest wish of seeing me Queen of England, should we lose the King; and not even a wife, he professes to love so tenderly, can gain the least influence over him on this occasion.

He

He pleads his father's pleasure—the anxiety that all our families, and, indeed, all the reformed part of the kingdom are in on account of Mary's religion—they use every argument with me, that art or eloquence can invent, to engage my consent to preserve the Protestant cause, and the liberties of the kingdom.

In vain have I urged the injustice of depriving the Princess Elizabeth of her right, an amiable Lady, and a Protestant. They say she was not legitimate, and her father had excluded her for that reason, and that it was Edward's pleasure to prefer my mother's claim. Why, then,
will

will not my mother herself take on her the weighty burden of the state? Alas, how ill-calculated am I for it! Young, inexperienced in the world, who have been brought up in retirement, and infinitely prefer the joys of a private and domestic life, to all the dangerous and fatiguing glories of greatness.

In vain are all my remonstrances, all my tears are fruitless, and I have no resource left but to supplicate Heaven to spare Edward's life! and no other employment but to assist, with the rest of the young Nobility around him, by every tender office
of

of friendship, to amuse the wearisome house of sickness and languor.

The King takes short rides every day, and my Guildford and I generally attend him. The conversation, when he can talk, mostly turns on serious subjects; at these seasons, his religion is a steady lamp within him, illuminating the dark shades of declining nature; his sentiments are all noble; his mind submits with a humble acquiescence to the stroke of Heaven; a solicitude for Mary's conversion, and his kingdom's welfare, seem the only things which distress him; though he frequently regrets some instances of persecuting severity,

severity, which, during his short and tumultuous reign, he has been almost compelled, by one of the Protectors, to give a reluctant consent to, and which, at the time, cost him many tears. Nor would he ever repeat it, when sole master of his actions, which he then was not, being a minor.

I have frequently regretted how much the spirit of persecution has adhered, even to those who have professed the reformed religion, though so contrary to the example of the divine founder of it, for the “wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.”—Bishop Cranmer,

mer, and my uncle Somerset, were not entirely free from it, which I have frequently lamented.

O, my sister, pray for your Jane—pray to Heaven to give her fortitude and strength of mind, to support the various changes of life; and, above all, pray for the King's life; and that some providential event, yet unthought of, may for ever avert from her the snares and perils of royalty, and restore her to the sweet and secure enjoyments of retired and domestic life.

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

LADY DUDLEY

TO

LADY CATHERINE HERBERT.

HOW shall I unfold, to my dear Lady Catherine, the melancholy news of the King's death!—He expired yesterday, to the extreme affliction of all his friends.

Your sister, and Lady Anne, are utterly incapable of writing, which
they

they have requested me to do, being more composed: my pen is unable to paint the affecting interviews between them.

Lord Guildford was beloved by his King with the sincerest friendship, and moans his loss with unaffected sorrow: they have all paid him the strictest attention, and watched over him like a mother over a dying child.

The patience, the gratitude, the piety which the King displayed throughout his last trying scene, has completed the beauty of his character, and will leave an endless re-

gret for his early fate, in the hearts of all his friends and faithful subjects.

Lady Jane is appointed his successor to the throne.—Alas! amiable Lady Jane—I fear greatly for her, from the Princess Mary's adherents.—The King's death is not yet made public—the Duke of Northumberland, and the Council, have sent for the Princesses to see their brother, with the design of getting them into their power.—How much artifice, how much injustice does ambition occasion!

My

My excellent sister-in-law still incessantly prays her parents to retire to France, and leave the crown to the rightful successor; but their ambition renders them immovable.— Lord Guildford also, amiable as he is in every other respect, refuses her earnest request to quit them all, and fly with her.

As soon as the Princesses are secured, Lady Jane is to be proclaimed Queen of England.—Ah! my dear Lady, how many thorns will be concealed among the jewels of thy crown!—I tremble for thee, good and noble, and worthy as thou art to wear and adorn it.

H 3

My

My mind, too much warped, perhaps, to melancholy, from the bloody events of my family, which are within my remembrance, feels a portending gloom.

All nature seems enwrapt in a still, sable cloud of suspensive horror, as if big with some great event.—The silence diffused through the palace; Lady Jane's deep affliction; the solicitous, and important looks of the Protector and Council, for their success with the people, by whom you know the Dudley's are but little beloved; their fears of the Princess's party; altogether,

altogether, render this a most solemn moment.

For my part, I know not what to pray for; either their success or disappointment: their success, in my opinion, would be founded in injustice; and yet, their failure, and the Princess Mary's succession to the crown would, without doubt, involve the nation in a thousand miseries, and be the ruin of our family and party.—The overthrow of the Reformation would be inevitable, bigoted as that Princess is to the Popish religion; and I tremble lest the innocent Jane should be the victim of her fury.

We

We are to quit the palace, as soon as the messenger returns from the Princesses——I will not close my letter till then, as I have a safe conveyance for it to you, which I may not again meet with——till then, adieu.

O, my dear Lady Catherine, too true, indeed, were my portents.—— Mary had, by some means, been informed of her brother's decease; she privately left her abode, and has fled to the county of Suffolk, from whence, in all probability, she will return with an army, as the people seem more attached to her than it was imagined they would.

No

No sooner did the Duke receive the news, than he immediately got Lady Jane proclaimed, and conveyed to the Tower for safety, as is usual on these occasions; thither we all attended her: but I cannot express the reluctance with which she accepted of the crown; and nothing at last could prevail on her to consent, but the pressing entreaties of her parents and husband; who threw themselves on their knees before her, and made the most affecting remonstrances in their power to her, in behalf of the Protestant cause, and the happiness of the people.

To

To these considerations, and her duty to her parents, she has yielded up her own peace and happiness, and all that sincere and heartfelt delight, which she experienced from the innocence and usefulness of her private and domestic life, which rendered her an ornament to society, and the idol of her friends and relations.

Lady Anne and myself accompany her, and will transmit to you an account of every event of importance that occur to us.

My dear Lady Catherine, shall we not soon see you in town? you
have

have now, you know, a new duty
to pay, since your sister is a queen.
—Alas, how little is her title to
be envied!

I am ever your sincere friend,

JANE DUDLEY.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

LADY ANNE GREY

TO

LADY CATHERINE HERBERT.

YOUR sister, my Catherine, acquits herself, in her exalted station, with the same humility and affability as in private life. There is in her noble air, a seriousness which seems to arise from the apprehension of insecurity in her new dignity, and a painful idea of not holding it by
a lawful

a lawful claim. This, indeed, she has frequently expressed, but her father and friends endeavour to reassure her.

As soon as she was at liberty from the multitude of cares and business, which she was at once involved in, she enquired what prisoners were in the Tower, and ordered them to be brought to her in turn, that she might attend to their claims. Many amongst them she heard, and set at liberty.

The Duke of Norfolk, and Courtney, son of the Marquis of Exeter, were at last introduced to her. Her
tender

tender and compassionate heart was melted at the sight of the venerable Norfolk, attainted, as he had been, by Harry the VIIIth. on no crime, but his superior family honours and greatness, and being one of the first Noblemen in the kingdom.

How many years had he been immured here, lost to the world and his country; as had also the young and amiable Courtney, who possesses a most elegant person and gentle manners, but, being confined so young, appeared ignorant of many accomplishments necessary to a young Nobleman; an air of dejection, mixed
with

with resignation, sat on his pale countenance, the sensibility and dignity of which prepossessed all hearts in his favour. He was, also, committed without any crime of his own, when his father was attainted.

An amiable and pleasing Lady was next presented, by the desire of Courtney, who professed himself deeply interested in her welfare. When she was introduced to the Queen, and, after her first address to her, on looking round the room, she suddenly became faint, and was falling down, when I perceived her emotion, which, I thought, proceeded from her discovering Courtney among the
the

the company ; but every one else, I believe, imputed it to the effects of sickness, which her countenance evidently wore the traces of.

She soon, however, recovered her spirits, and said, she was imprisoned by Bishop Cranmer's Councils to the Protector, in the beginning of Edward's reign, and also a mother, who was since dead ; that her crime was an adherence to her religion, which was the Catholic.

The noble freedom with which she acknowledged this, pleased Lady Jane, as it did me, and we entreated the Duke of Suffolk to permit her
to

to remain with us, which he willingly consented to; at the same time saying, that the Lady was at liberty, whenever she chose, to quit the Tower. But the Duke of Norfolk and Courtney were not permitted to enjoy that liberty, till the new Queen was a little more established, though they had leave to walk where they pleased within the Tower walls.

As soon as we were alone with the lovely Lady Laurana de M——, I intreated her to inform us of the principal incidents of her life, if it was not disagreeable to her; that the young Nobleman, who had last

been examined, professed himself interested warmly in her happiness, and that I had observed they both seemed much affected at their meeting in the Queen's presence, though respect for her had kept them silent, or some other motive to me unknown.

Tears of sensibility filled her eyes at my request, and flowed down her pale cheek, on which dejection had deeply preyed.

After a little pause, she said, she was much obliged to me for the concern I took in her affairs, and
would

would most willingly comply with my request, which she immediately did.

LADY LAURANAS'S STORY.

MY family is Italian, and noble, of the house of M——. My parents had some years been settled in England, having quitted their own city, Florence, on account of a tragical family event, which had given them a disgust to it, and wounded their hearts too deeply to permit them again to reside in it.

I was their only child, and brought up in their faith. At length my father died, and my mother still continued here, living as the gentry of this kingdom, but not in a splendid or conspicuous manner, for she greatly preferred retirement.

In the beginning of Edward's reign, the kingdom was divided with religious disputes, which were carried on with such violence and inveteracy, that the spirit of persecution was very prevalent even among Protestants, though they greatly condemned the Catholics for it; and the Protector was too much guided by Bishop Cranmer, in imprisoning, and frequently punishing with torture,

ture, those who differed from them, in matters which were deemed by each party essential; so that even women did not escape their tyranny. Amongst the rest my mother and myself, young as I then was, not more than twelve years old, were imprisoned for our obstinacy in our principles.

Thus you see, Madam, that my heart has early learnt to suffer. While my mother lived, however, it was tolerable to me; her conversation and instructions, in every part of education, which she was completely accomplished in, filled up great part of our time. We had a

guitar, with some music and other books, which we studied till we had them by heart; and being permitted sometimes to take a little air, the confinement seemed to me so much like that of a nunnery, that it did not cost me my chearfulness; and my mother endeavoured to maintain her's, that she might render my lot more tolerable.— But, alas! at the end of four years, my dear mother died, after a lingering illness, occasioned, doubtless, by her misfortunes, and the regrets she felt on my account, which, as she carefully kept them from, injured her health still more effectually.

I had

I had watched over her with unremitting attention, during her tedious decay; but, when I found she was gone for ever, my grief was so violent and excessive, that they could scarcely tear me away from the insensible body, which I fondly hung over, and suffered more than it is in the power of language to describe in the contemplation of. They conveyed me into another apartment, in a very different part of the Tower.

For a while I gave myself up to sorrow, nor could any thing divert my attention from it; but I sat stupid and unemployed by any of my former

former avocations. For some months I continued in this way; looking out at my little grated window was the only amusement I took.

The anxieties of my mind were, at length, by slow degrees, relieved, by the voice of a young man confined in the next apartment to mine. At first I paid little attention to him; and if I did, it was with a disgust, as music but ill-accorded with my grief. But, by degrees, as it abated, I began to listen to him, by way of amusement.

It was a long time before I had the pleasure of seeing him; but the sound

found of his voice was familiar to me, both in singing and reading, which he always did aloud, frequently poetry, which he recited with a great deal of taste and judgment.

I had formed a pleasing idea of him, from the knowledge I had of his sentiments: he would frequently, in his poetry, lament, in the most pathetic manner, the loss of liberty; being shut up from the charms of society, the difficulty which he had to obtain knowledge and improvement of mind, and the desire of those endearing family connections which blest his childhood; then
would

would he solace his mind with the reflection, that the tyranny of others, and not his own guilt, had occasioned this long confinement, which gave him still a hope that Providence would, some way or other, procure the means of his deliverance.

He too well painted his own lot, not to penetrate my heart with a lively sense of his grief, as well as his merit; and, indeed, these amusements were the only ones which I enjoyed.

I received great improvement from the books he read, which
were

were frequently on learned and studious subjects; sometimes religious; from these last, I found he was of the Romish church.

It was near three months, that this invisible youth entertained me daily, unconscious of the pleasure he gave. One day, looking out at my window, I saw a young man walking in a little garden, into which it looked; the dignity of his air, and the elegance of his person, though in disabille, excited my attention. I had frequently seen people walking there, but none had ever gained from me a moment's notice. I secretly wished this might
be

be the unknown person, who had so greatly gained upon my esteem and sympathy.

As he walked, he cast his eyes up at the windows, and at last fixed them on mine.—I attracted his observation; he looked more eagerly at my face, and at last obliged me to retire, from a sentiment of modesty, which would not permit me to support so steady an observer. I, several days after this, saw the young man, who always paid me the same attention; but the garden was too closely guarded to permit him to speak, had he wished it.

One

One evening, as the refulgent radiance, with which the moon shone through my little grated casement, invited me to open it, while the recollection of those rural pleasures I had been accustomed to enjoy before my captivity; the charming scenes of variegated nature, which I remembered with peculiar delight, mixed with melancholy at the thoughts of enjoying them no longer, at last, imperceptibly introduced my dear departed mother to my mind, with many tender scenes of my childhood and youth, when I was the object of all her cares.— I know not how long I was engaged in these reveries, but that
I was

I was recalled from them by the well-known voice in the garden, who sung to his guitar the following words:

I.

How sweet the rose—the lilly fair,
The morn of spring serene;
How sweet the summer's closing day,
And moonlight's silver scene.

II.

But sweeter far the gen'rous heart,
With friendship's flame imprest;
Or the first dawn of tender love,
Which fires the artless breast.

III.

But where are nature's pleasing powers,
While darkness spreads its gloom?
And distant from the fragrant flowers,
We lose the sweet perfume.

IV

IV.

Thus when the night of absence reigns,
The joys of converse fled;
Fair friendship droops, and plaintive
 strains
Declare all pleasure dead.

I looked out with caution, lest
he should observe my curiosity;
but finding his eyes fixed on the
window, I hastily withdrew myself;
he then sung and played another
air, expressive of love, and regret
for the loss of liberty.

I shut the window hastily, and
retired to my bed; but it was only
to ruminate over this incident, in
which I felt an excess of pain and
 pleasure

pleasure.—Greatly rejoiced was I to be assured that this young man was the same person, whose sentiments and employments I was so well acquainted with. Pleased and captivated with his person also, I felt inexpressible delight, that I was not indifferent to him; but when I considered the situation we were both in, my sorrow was without bounds.—I spent the night in tears; and my passions, ever impetuous, were a source of misery to me, which found no relief from hope.

The next day, however, I resolved to improve the liberty I had
of

of walking in the same garden, and which I had never an inclination to do before. I went out, and saw the young man at the window, who seemed delighted to see me there; at the next turn I saw him not, but was resolved to take another, in hopes of his returning again; he had retired to write the following billet, which he dropped at my feet.—I looked round, and seeing no one, took it up, and retired with it to my apartment.

“ An unfortunate man, who has
“ been a prisoner of state more
“ than six years; a stranger to joy;
“ an alien from society, has re-
VOL. I. K “ ceived

“ ceived from the fair one this is
“ addressed to, a delight unfelt be-
“ fore. Innocent of any crime, yet
“ without any present prospect of
“ a release, let your pity soften
“ my solitude.—Let me have the
“ pleasure of seeing you daily in
“ this garden, and from this let
“ me judge of your compassion.

“ COURTNEY.”

This note afforded me exquisite delight: I found that this stranger had made an impression on my heart, which nothing could erase.

I waited with impatience the next day for the hour of walking; our eyes

eyes met, and easily explained to each other that our love was mutual. From this time, frequent letters to each other imparted our sentiments, while I continued to be the invisible and silent auditor of his solitary amusements; which I was resolved, however, not to inform him of; as I thought it would set him on his guard more, and I should not be enabled to judge so well of the sincerity of his love for me, which I did not doubt would influence his amusements: in this I was not deceived, for instead of learned studies, almost all his attention was now constantly turned to subjects of poetry and sentiment.

K 2 — Almost

—Almost every day produced new compositions of his own, on those themes; but the despair which ran through them, awoke my tenderest compassion.

One day, when I was walking in a retired part of the garden, I was surprized to see Courtney hastening to meet me;—as soon as he approached, he said his love and despair had determined him to risk every thing, for the pleasure of a moment's conversation with me; that it was against the rules of the place, for more than one prisoner to be in the garden at once, but that he had got down unobserved by

by the guard, though he knew he had not a moment to stay.—He then, in lively terms, expressed his passion; entreated me, if ever we were at liberty, to consent to be his; to inform him of my name and abode, and during our captivity, to answer his letters.

My solicitude for his safety, banished all reserve from my words and behaviour; I acknowledged my interest in his safety, and told him, I would inform him by a letter who I was, and any thing else he wished to know, earnestly beseeching him to be gone that instant. He threw himself at my feet, and

kissed my hand, in an extacy of gratitude at my condescension, and hastily left me.

The next day I fulfilled my promise, and writ to him, acquainting him with my story, and the little hopes I had of obtaining my liberty; still concealing my knowledge of his solitary employments, but declaring myself so sincerely attached to him, that I did not wish for liberty while he continued a prisoner; recommending it to him, to hope that heaven would not permit us, innocent as we were of any crime against the state, to remain for ever in captivity; and adding, that

that patience and resignation were the most probable means of lightening, as well as shortening it. I threw this letter out at the window, and saw him take it up.

The next day, I went into the garden as usual, and walked some time, seeing him at the window; he left it, and I withdrew to the retired part of the garden, where I had before seen him, and determined to wait there till he had time to write, which I imagined he had gone away to do, when how was I shocked and surprized, to see him hastening to meet me! knowing, as I did, the danger of it;
but

but I could not persuade him to leave me for nearly half an hour, nor would he permit me to leave him; at length, however, he went away, but he had been observed, and was reprimanded by the keeper severely, though respectfully, and suffered to go into his apartment.

I was soon after returning to mine, but was told, that our connection was discovered; first, by our communication by letters thrown out at the window, and then, by our interview in the garden; that it was an affair by no means to be permitted, and that, therefore, I must retire to another part of the
Tower.

Tower. The keeper then conducted me into the apartment that my poor mother died in, making an apology for his conduct, and saying he must fulfill his orders.

I was so struck with grief and horror at the place I was returned to, that it stopped my utterance, and suspended, at first, every other thought: all the circumstances of my mother's death recurred to my memory, and filled me with the keenest anguish. When I had exhausted those first emotions, I revolved in my mind my distance from Courtney, and the loss, perhaps, for ever, of his society. What
a dif-

a distracting idea! though my feelings were naturally violent, reason and virtue had always some power over them: no reason now came to my aid; even the dictates of religion were unattended to. The passion I felt for Courtney, the despair that the loss of his conversation possessed me with, unsoftened by any friendly remonstrances, undivested by any amusement or avocation, found within my breast a misery too great for any weak frame to support.

A violent fever succeeded the first distraction of my mind; I had every assistance afforded me, and a
careful

careful nurse to attend me; but for a long time I was insensible to every thing, and when my body was tolerably restored, a deep melancholy, and perfect indifference to life succeeded. I should not have attended to the food necessary for my existence, had not my nurse used every argument to prevail on me to eat of what they brought, which, to avoid being teized, I did.

At last, I was permitted to walk upon the battlements of the Tower for a little air, but not to go into the garden I used to frequent: my nurse supported my feeble steps, but as I could not walk far, I sat down
discon-

disconsolately, mourning my hard fate; to be thus removed from the only person in the world who was interested about me, or who felt for me the sweet sentiments of friendship. Yet I, every day, took the advantage they gave me of quitting my hated cell for a short time, though a little fresh air was all the benefit I reaped from it, for I neither saw, nor heard, any thing of the unfortunate Courtney. This was my situation on your Majesty's entrance into the Tower, and on your enquiring what prisoners of rank were here, I was brought into your presence.

The

The fair Laurana here concluded her narrative: the Queen expressed the warmest esteem for her, said she should rejoice to give liberty of person and conscience to all, and to reign over a free people, whom she wished to attach to her, only by her solicitude to render them happy.

She added, that she feared so powerful a Duke as Norfolk, would not be permitted by her council to be set at liberty, and it would be too glaring a partiality to release Courtney without him, till her accession to the crown was a little more ratified by the voice of the people; that Mary was in arms,
and

and the contest doubtful, but that however it terminated, it could not but be favorable to Courtney, and consequently to herself; she therefore entreated her to render herself completely easy, and be assured that they would be permitted to see each other as often as they pleased. She said, she would immediately send again for Courtney, who doubtless was very desirous to entertain his fair mistress.

A messenger was then sent for him, and he soon appeared, with that elegant and noble air, which is the effect of refined sentiments and a great mind.—That sickly
languor

languor, which was diffused over his face at his first entrance, was changed to a lively red, at the sight of the fair Lady Laurana.

The Queen, in the most animated terms, expressed her concern, that so amiable a young nobleman should have been so long secluded from society, to which he would have been an ornament. She said, she had frequently regretted his fate, during the life of the late King, as his majesty also had; but he could not prevail on the Protector to release him. She then added the reasons before given to Lady Laurana, which

which obliged her to detain him a little while longer in the Tower; but said, she would contribute all in her power to prevent his feeling himself a prisoner.

Courtney thanked her, with an appearance of ingenuous gratitude, for her goodness to him; and then approaching the object of his tenderest concern, who looked ready to faint, in the most affecting manner, he expressed his joy to see her again, whom he thought he had lost for ever; and a scene of tenderness passed between them, which I can never do justice to; and, indeed, we soon left them, thinking it
would

would be more pleasing to them to enjoy their transports alone.

I afterwards required him to relate what his situation was, when he found he had lost his fair mistress. —He said, he had no intimation given him of Lady Laurana's departure from her room; he therefore watched all the next day for her appearance in the garden, and finding, toward dusk, that she did not come down as usual, he went into it himself, waiting for her appearance at her window, but she appeared not; he then played some of his favorite airs, and sung them to his guitar; still, however, no

Laurana appeared, not even for a moment: as the darkness approached, he intreated her, in the most plaintive manner, to give him some signal of her being still in her room; but all in vain, no signal, no answering voice, no Laurana appeared.

Sometimes he thought she was dead; sometimes that she had left the Tower, and that he should never see her again; at other times, his gloomy mind, half-distracted with a horrid suspense, would imagine he heard her voice in screams of agony; he would then start from his bed, and listen with the most fearful

ful attention; when every hollow step, every resounding echo, which broke through the silence of the night, in that mansion of strength, would raise a thousand dreadful ideas, and apparitions of horror to his distempered fancy.

At length time, that soother of grief, a little abated his distraction, and reason assumed, by slow degrees, her power over his soul, which enabled him to have recourse to his studies, and, after a while, allowed him to amuse himself with his guitar.

Though he avoided the subject of love with the greatest industry, he said he one day, without consideration, touched the notes of a little air, with which he first addressed Lady Laurana, on the subject of love. The words recurred to his memory, and, with them, the whole train of those ideas, which had almost deprived him of reason—the effect had almost again deranged his mind, and it was some days before he could recover any thing like tranquility.

This was his situation when the Queen's message reached him: he started from his seat, looked wildly round

round him, but could not, for a while, comprehend what was meant by it.

So many events, new and astonishing to a man, who had been a prisoner more than six years, and, in all that time, had never known the least circumstance of what was doing in the world, only that Henry was dead, and succeeded by Edward, a minor, which he had learned from Lady Laurana's story. To be informed, at present, that Edward was also dead; that he had excluded his sister from the succession, and left his Crown to Lady Jane

Grey, and that this new Queen had sent for him; what could it mean? to what new fate was he reserved!

Yet he reflected—I may, perhaps, see again my charming Laurana, if she still lives. This hope animated him to appear before the new Queen with some degree of resolution.

Both the Queen and myself were greatly affected, with the sufferings of these amiable lovers, and we shall rejoice exceedingly to see them happy.

Lady

Lady Laurana, and myself, are already united in a sincere and tender friendship. I know but of one fault she has, which is a little too much bigotry to the religion she has been brought up in, by which I do not mean constancy, which I approve of as much as she does, but want of charity.

But all her passions and feelings are naturally violent and excessive; yet her manners are gentle, and her heart artless and good, and she takes infinite pains to preserve the authority of reason over her soul.

She

She is a charming woman, and, as her health returns, those beautiful eyes, over which sickness had cast her veil, now shines every day with increasing splendour, as do also her lover's, who is one of the finest figures, and has the most animated countenance I ever saw.

I have written you a long letter, my Catherine. Inform me very soon that your health is amended, which I am exceedingly sorry to hear is so interrupted; and that you will come and pay your duty to your Queen, who has now a claim
to

LADY JANE GREY. 159

to your attention superior to that
of sister.

Adieu, my dearest cousin,

Your

ANNE GREY.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

TO AND FROM THE SAME.

AH, my dearest Lady Catherine, we have the most dreaded news to tell you!—the victorious Mary is almost at our gates—the Duke of Northumberland is taken—and all ranks of people are ready to acknowledge the sister of Edward as their only rightful Queen.

May

May God support Lady Jane—support us all to sustain this fatal blow to all our hopes. The Duke and Duchess, and Lord Guildford, are almost distracted with apprehension; but the excellent Jane preserves the same serenity of mind; endeavours to console her parents and husband, and possesses that only true dignity, which is the same in all events.

Lady Jane Dudley is inconsolable for her father-in-law, and husband, who is with him. Poor Lady, how I pity her; she has scarce known any thing but tragic scenes in her family.

But,

But if Mary succeeds, and there is now but little reason to doubt that she will, we shall be involved in one common ruin; our families so large, connected by intermarriages, and unanimous in the present cause.—I almost fear this news will retard the recovery of your health, my Catherine, but I could not avoid giving it you, and you might, from common report, hear it represented worse, perhaps, if possible, than it is.

Lady Jane has prevailed on Lady Laurana, with great difficulty, and with the assistance of her lover's arguments, to retire into France or Italy,

Italy, and remain in a convent till his release; and has appointed a person, whom she could confide in, to conduct her there in safety; but no words can do justice to their pathetic parting scene.—— Surely, never were souls more formed for each other, nor more deeply impressed with that gift of heavenly sensibility; a gift which none would part with who possess it; and few, I believe, desire it, who do not; and which is, perhaps, more allied to misery than to happiness.

In Lady Jane, indeed, her large share of it appears with high lustre; being attempered with strength of reason,

reason, guarded by the balmy power
of religion, which heals the wounds
made by it before they rankle.

Farewell, dear Lady Catherine,
may heaven prepare your mind to
support every vicissitude; and, O
that Lady Jane's party may yet be
victorious.

ANNE GREY

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LADY CATHERINE HERBERT.

THE idle pageantry of state is over, my dear Catherine, and your sister, that upstart Queen, whom a fatal ambition has imposed on the people, is now, after a ten day's reign, deposed, and obliged to open her gates to the rightful successor.

Mary

Mary is received by all; Papists and Protestants, all acknowledge her their lawful Queen; she promises fair: may it please the Almighty, that the purity of our holy faith remain unaltered, and I shall rejoice at the change.—With regard to myself, I resigned my crown with that transcendent delight, which no words can express; may I again be permitted to taste the joys of domestic life, they will be doubly cherished by me, from the short experience I have had of the toils of greatness, and the dangers of ambition; but I do not imagine we shall soon enjoy again our liberty. We are, indeed, permitted

to

to converse with each other, which softens, in a great degree, our confinement. Yet I fear greatly for my friends; Northumberland's spirit is too well known, to imagine he will be secure from the Queen's resentment, and we have all but too much reason to fear lest we should not be spared.

May we be resigned to our fate; all is permitted by divine Providence, for wise purposes to us unknown.—Yet I greatly condemn myself, that I did not more obstinately resist their importunities, but that, with my eyes open to the precipice before me, I was so irre-

sistibly biaſſed by filial duty, as to plunge headlong over it, and bear down in my fall, ſo many of thoſe that are deareſt to me.—My folly is indeed unpardonable.

I am almoſt afraid to ſend this letter, yet there is in it nothing inimical to the Queen. I will commit it to Lady Anne's care, who has conveyed to you the others.

Adieu, do not grieve too much, my ſweet ſiſter; but endeavour to raiſe your mind above human events, and, with a ſtedfaſt ſoul, look to that ſcene of future happineſs prepared for the virtuous.—

I freely

I freely acknowledge my errors, yet has my heart never deviated from that rectitude of intention, which has been its solace through all the afflictions I have hitherto sustained, and will, I trust, support it at that closing hour, whenever it shall happen, when all mortal supports fail, and the feeble lamp of vitality is quivering on a point, and just about to take its flight for ever.

Pray for your

JANE GREY.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

